

DAME TROT & HER CAT.



DAME TROT AT THE BUTCHER'S.

ONCE Old Dame Trot, of Clare,
Went off to the fair,
With the Cat on her shoulder,
To see the folk there.

When they had returned,
Both sat down to chat,
The Dame upon this side,
And Pussy on that.



PUSS FIDDLING TO RATS.

She started again
For cap, necklace and frock,
When she came back
Puss was riding Dog Shock.
She went to buy apples,
And sugar, and spice,

While Pussy at home
Was to catch all the mice.
But I'm sorry to say,
This pet of the cats
Was not killing mice,
But fiddling to rats.



DAME TROT HORSEWHIPS THEM BOTH.

The fire going out,
She went for some fuel,
When she came back
They were fighting a duel;
So to end the dispute,
Without more ado,

She horsewhipp'd the Cat,
And Master Shock too.
This soon stopped the fight,
And made their bones sore;
After which they shook hands,
To quarrel no more.

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PUSSY FIDDLING TO RATS.

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When she came back
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PUSS FIDDLING TO RATS.

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DAVE TROT HORSEWHIPS THEM BOTH.

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PUSS RIDING DOG SHOCK.

The Dame was determined
To give Puss a treat,
So went to the butcher's
To buy her some meat;
But when she got there,
To her sorrow and grief,

She found that the butcher
Had no mutton or beef.
She went to the cupboard,
To give Puss a fish,
But the Dog just before
Had cleaned out the dish.



THE CAT AND DOG FIGHTING A DUEL.

She went for some ale,
Because she was dry,
When she returned,
Puss was making a pie.
She went out to buy
A bonnet or hat,

When she came back
Puss was killing a rat.
She trotted once more,
For brandy and wine,
When she came back
Puss sat down to dine.



PUSS DRESSED IN FINE CLOTHES.

The Dog said "Good bye;"
The Cat then arose,
Wash'd her head and face clean,
And tried on her clothes.

"You look nice now you're dress'd,"
Said little Dame Trot;
Puss courtesied and mewed,
But further said not



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